DOWN SOUTH.

RISTUS AND OLE PINK'S BABY.

tone, Township, Nov. 20.-Ristus continu sitting on the chopping block as we appeared. The whole company of dogs were clustered about him, but he was paying no attention to them. He was paying no attention to anything. His appearance was that of an entirely blank calm. His hand resting placidly by his side and his luce being turned tothe grand outline of Mount Pisgah. Did he see 11? Did he know he was living in the midst of unspeakable magnificence? If this youth had had a ald, ugly face like that belonging to Alick at the unotion, we should never have thought of questioning cared for the beauty at which he was gazing. But because Ristus had a lovely face we unreasonably feit that he must appreciate loveliness. It was not logical to arrive at such a conclusion, but it was

coat which was held together by white twine, was a pacture to be remembered. Light hair rolled down in rich waves from the centre of the head to far below throat: his face was fair as that of a blonde woman is fair, thanks either to some natural power it had to resist the action of wind and sun, or to the otection of the sun-bonnet. Thick yellow-brown vebrows made a straight line over long eyes that of that vellowish dull color one sees sometimes at the bottom of still, clear pools when the sun shines on the water. Strange eyes, whose only expression how was one of childish calm. For the rest, the boy had a straight nose, a weak-looking, very scarlet mouth, and delicate retreating chin, with a pretty cleft down the middle of it. His face seemed to be clean, but his hands had the look of hands which have never been thoroughly washed.

After the first brief glance at us, he had kept his eyes fixed on Mount Pisgab, and appeared to have forgotten that we were present. As his aspect was not forbidding, we ventured to address him.

Have you always lived here, Ristus ?" Ever since I come," was the reply. Ristus turned his head toward us with a neutral gaze in his

And when did you come !"

Then you don't remember being anywhere else ?" 'Is that woman your mother?" referring

woman who had fed us when we had been lost.
"I reckon she must be, fur she gives me my
satin's. Yer don't reckon, do yer, as a 'oman'd give feller his eatin's, 'thout she war his mother? I ain't heard noan say ef she war my mother, or ef After this answer we kept silence for a few

ogs noticed us very little. They were constantly jumping up to beseech Ristus to give them attention He was the first to speak again, very unexpectedly

sister: do yer reckon as she mought be that, now?"
"Hardiy," we said.

He clasped his hands together and held them out before him as if he were entreating something or some-

I've dreampt about er sister. I have," he said. But she wa'n't no ways like ole Pink; no ways. Thur sister as I dreampt 'bout wor kind or shinin'. an' jurvely, an' white, an'-what do ver think?-she bent down out er er white cloud an' kissed me. I've dreampt that-a-way er power er times, an' when sho kisses me, I allers wake urp. So, ver see, I'd ruther she wouldn't kiss me, 'cas, yer see, then she melts erway, an' I sit awake. Over van. now," he pointed a brilliant opening between two mountains, where a diaphanous white cloud was floating, "yan be whar I recken she lives, in that thur cloud. Yer see it?" We nodded. He continued:

So I don't really reckon as ole Pink kin be my sister, though mabbe she be my mother. Ole Pink, some ways, don't 'pear like one as would ever be er ridin' on a pooty cloud, now, do she?" No, no," we exclaimed, perhaps too forcibly.

He seemed relieved that we were so emphatic. In mind, it was evident, there was a strong desire that old Pink should not be his sister. He did not seem ed to talk any more just then. We asked him were working for Mr. Penland to-day, and he said, "Naw 'm." He picked up his sunbonnet, but he held it in his hand. Buster now succeeded in getting on the chopping-block with Ristus, and in balancing himself in a sitting position there. Ristus put his arm about the dog, and Ruster looked down at the riumph in his face, while Tip and Little Bull made neffectual attempts to dislodge him and get his place.

But he turned to us as he remarked: "They be nearer humans nor humans be theirselves, Dogs sorter gits inter yer, somehow, inter feelin's, as humans don't. I've reckoned a power er times as I wa'n't er human, myself. Tain't no great

Ristus carefully lifted Buster to the ground, put his bonnet and waiked down the path. He had not gone far before the twins burst out of the house. They were in clean, dry gowns. They ran screaming toward the boy. They called to him to come back famous, and go to the spring with them again. He obeyed, and If every tarnal editor warn't sich an ignoramus! we saw the three children and the four dogs go up the

"I don't know anything about Ristus," said Mrs. Ayer, "that is, no more than you know. His origin is shrouded in mystery, as they say in novels. He may turn out to be the son of a prince. There is something strange about him. He gets his meals mostly at Ole Pink's. Oh, dear, no, of course, she isn't his mother. I don't know where he siceps. Nobody knows. Twice, however, he has slept in our 'roughness' up there by the corn barn. That was in the summer. Has he not a poet's head? If I could paint, I would put his vignetic in the midst of some water Odd, isn't it, but I always paint him, mentally. with water liles about his head. He is not like the others here; he isn't vile. What else he is, I leave you to find out. I have the twins to study, and I find them quite sufficient to occupy my mind."

Since the twins have arrived, there seems to be les room than ever in the cabin, and when they are in it we try to be out of it, as much as we can. The weather a continued, glorified kind of an Indian summer. Why should one stay in the house and hear the hubbub of the twins, when, by strolling a quarter of a mile fown the mountain, one comes to a nook whence one may gaze on the silently rolling French Broad? giants clustering their tall, wooded heads everywhere? No, we have stopped between four walls very little of When we walked out this morning the twins were scraping frying-pans, banging pots and kettles together, and crashing plates and cups and saucers against each other. In brief, they were washing dishes, chattering shrilly, and breathing in quick pants. Mrs. Ayer said that it would be but a little time longer that they would be obliged to wash dishes, for all her crockery would shortly be broken. Upon this, the twins cried out to know what she meant.

"I'm sure, Aunt Mary," cried Ella, and Ellen after her, in the same words. "we uns ain't broke noan only lis what kinder slipped, yer know, and kinder smashed, yer know. An', Aunt Mary, most of hit war Buster's fault, or To's fault, er gittin' 'tween our legs, an' er urpsettin' us, Aunt Mary."

We left them explaining whose fault it was. We had not gone far before Ellen and Ella called after us

"Aunt Mary wants ter know do yer want them

trsts with yer? They wants ter go."
"The fysts want to go." said Amabel in an explanatory manner to me. "It is a dictionary word; you ought to understand it."

I confessed that I did not know all dictionary words : and then she confessed that she had only known since yesterday that fysts were little dogs. Yes, by all means would have the little dogs; and they immediately shot forth from the opened door of the cabin, and we all went on. Having learned something about the tangle of misleading cart tracks through the woods, we took the direction of Ole Pink's cabin. going to carry our offering to her in exchange for the ndness she had shown us when Alick had foreaken us

The cabin door was open, but we heard no sound from within. We stood at the entrance and looked, while the "fysts" ran in and began to nose about. There was a faint glow of coals on the hearth. There was a faint glow of coals on the hearth. The black-and-white log rose up, growling, the hair standing straight along its back. In the dusk we discovered that there were two forms on the bed on the floor, a long shape, and a short one. Of course, they were ole Pink and her baby. As we advanced into the room, the long shape rose and it was not Ole Pink, but Ristus in his army coat. He held up his hand at us and made a hushing sound between his toeth; then he led us outside the house. His hair was tumbled across his cyes, and he had an anxious look, "Yer mought wake her, yer know," he said, when we were all beside the ash-hopper, and he felt it safe to speak. "Sue's done gone ter sleep, ye, know."

"The baby, you mean?"

He nodded.

"But where's Old Pink*

"Dunno."

shell."

"That boy," said the old man, admiringly, turning to a witness of the little scene, "is worth \$1,000 a day to me."

"Old Hutch" boasts that he is the best cook in the country. He was in the kitchen of his club and sent of his deals, came rushing into the club and sent the boy flying into the kitchen with his card. Hutch inson sent back word that he was busy. The impetuous broker hurried into the kitchen and found the old man, admiringly, turning to a witness of the little scene. "Is worth \$1,000 a day to me."

"Old Hutch" boasts that he is the best cook in the country. He was in the kitchen of his club and sent of his deals, came rushing into the club and sent of his deals, came rushing into the kitchen with his card. Hutch inson sent back word that he was busy. The limited by his hand a maxious look.

"Yer mought wake her, yer know," he said, when we've had an offer of \$225,000 for that lot," and the broker, breathlessly.

"Don't you see that I am busy ?" answered "Old Hutch."

"Yes, but this has got to be settled instantly."

"Yes, but this has got to be settled instantly."

"Yes, but this has got to be settled instantly."

"Yes, but this has got to be settled instantly."

"I am busy now with more important matters, and I won't talk to black-and-white log rose up, growling, the hair standing

He brushed his hair from his forehead before he

mownin'. I come fur my breakfus', an' she war a gwine jis then. She reckoned she'd go Shilop way:

gwine ils then. She reckoned she'd go Shilop way;
she reckoned she mought go ter preachin' 'fore she
come back. She reckoned of I war er mine ter I
mought tok care the babby, or ef I wa'n't er mine
ter, she said it mought git 'long 's it could, fur she
war sick of bein' thed to hit. So she said.'

We did not know what to say, and so were silent.
Ristus was tying some of the surings on his coat.

"I aint used ter a babby much," he went on, "an'
she's cried a mighty sight, an' she wont eat pone
'thout 'lasses, an' I aint gurt no 'lasses; an' she's
gurt sick er fat meat; an' 'taint lookin' as ef she'd
have a good time. I'm er prayin' she'll sleep er
right smart while, I am, an' when a feller carnt do
nawthin' else, I reckon prayin' 's what he'd ought
ter he at. Prayin' 's better nor preachin' I say. Ole
Pink's sot outer preachin'. She said she wisned she
taken er shoutin', an' when folks is taken er shoutin'
at preachin', she said as urther folks looked at-um,
an' then wor thur time fur pooty clo's. But I dunno."

Risus was speaking in a half whisper, and glaneand the child would wake. The dogs were ali out with
the child would wake. The dogs were ali out with
the child would wake. The dogs were ali out with
the would run up ter Miss Ayer's an' beg some milk
fur the child, but he should hate ter have it wake
an' not find him."

Hearing this, we volunteered to bring milk and
what else could be spared. When we returned,

an' not find him."

Hearing this, we volunteered to bring milk and what else could be spared. When we returned, Ristus was walking in the sunlight before the cabin. carrying the baby in his arms, his whole aspect one of great anxiety, which feeling seemed relieved at sight of us.

sight of us.

There is a difference in the clay of which we amade, and this small creature was formed of t poorest kind. She was yellow and pallid, and harready, about the wizened mouth, a dreadful lottke her mother. We could not tell whether it we

six months or a year old, it was such a stunted, shrivelled thing. It drank the milk as if it were nectar, and then its head sunk on the boy's shoulder and it was asieep almost immediately.

We said of course Ole Pink would return by night. The next morning while we were at the breakfast table, a shadow passed by the window and then Ristus entered. He wore his sunbonnet and he had the baby in his arms, and the baby was wailing.

"Where's that child's mother?" asked Mr. Ayer sternly.

Dunno," was the meek answer. "Ter preachin',

"Dunno," was the meek answer. "Ter preachin', I reckon."

"To preaching," repeated the gentleman, and I thought from his face he was going to utter an oath. But he only forcibly rose and brought out from a closet a large dish of mutton broth. "Some of you pour that into the baby, will you!" he said, and slammed out of the house. He opened the door to put in his head and say: "Give Ristus his breakfast."

It is three days since then, and Old Pink has not returned. Some of the mountain people who have slouched into the Ayer cabin and lolled before the fire seem to think it is a joke that Ristus should take care "er Ole Pink's young 'un." They said he need not do it "thout he had er mine ter. Ristus wa'n't nawthin; no ways."

Ristus has arranged to do chores for Mr. Ayer.

wa'n't nawthin; no ways."

Ristus has arranged to do chores for Mr. Ayer, what time he can get, and in payment he and the baby are to have their "catin's" here. He comesarly in the morning. If the child will concent, it is put down on a bundle of "roughness" while its guardian milks. It has not sufficient life to be very mischievous yet, though even now we can see that it has improved with the different food.

Somtimes it falls over on its back of the second o

it has improved with the different food.

Somtimes it falls over on its back on the corn hushs, and lies looking up at the shy. It never cries hard, only wafts. It is never out of the boy's sight. When they were here last night the twins said that thoir sister said that "Ole Pink could n't be expected ter be tied urp ter that thur brat, an'e fishe war Ole Pink, she would n't come back."

"She never will come back." said Mrs. Ayer. Then she looked at Ella and Ellen and said carnestly. "But your sister was a wekend women to carnestly, "But your sister was a wicked woman speak like that."

SEBASTIAN MOREY'S POEM.

S. W. Foss in The Yankee Blade. The 'Lantic, an' the Century, an' Lippincort's, an' Harper's, mer's, an' all the rest of 'em, is all a set er Scribner's, an' all the rest or em, sharpers.

Wen they fin' a son er genius, an' a reg'lar ten-W'en they fin' a son er genius, an' a reg'lar ten-strike poet, An' a close chum er the Muses, they don't know enough to know it!

I writ a roarin' poem, an' I sent it to the 'Lantic, An' then, w'en it come back nex' mail, it nearly driv' me frantic. I sent it then to all the rest, to see how they would find it, But they with their durned printed slips "respect-fully declined" it.

W'en I got up that poem, in a wild, divine afflatus. My whole brain was runnin' over, like a heaped up hill er taters;
An' I rushed aroun' permis'eus like, an' not at all
partic'lar,
With my cost-tails horizontal, an' my hair a-per-

h my coat-tails horizontal, an' my hair a per-pendic'lar! An' I tore aroun' in frenzy, like a dog thet's taken pizen; I was 'feared I'd knock the stars out, an' collide with

the horizon; For all out-doors warn't, big enough for old Sebastian "I lury dogs," said Ristus, as if addressing the nearest For I could shin a rainbow, right into the streets of

W'y! all space was studed with rainbows, hung with pots of gold to capture. An' all the everlastin' hills were bustin' into rapture: The birds, the frogs, the grasshoppers, all sung their loud hoxanner. An' every single forest tree turned into a planner! If there ever was a poem foun' I had a chance to

All heaven was bilin' in my soul, w'en I sot down an' writ it.
The angels told it to me, sir, an' it would make me famous.

Wal, let 'em print their sappy stuff; but I can do without it. without it.
I've shet off my subscription, an' now let 'em squirm about it;
The 'Lantic, an' the Century, an' Lippincott's, an' Harper's,
Scribner's, an' all the rest of 'em, is all a set er

"OLD HUTCH" AND HIS QUEER WAYS.

NOT WITHOUT GENEROSITY-PROUD OF HIS SON AND OF HIS COOKING

B. P. Hutchinson, better known as "Old Hutch" in the speculative market, is a man of many idiosynerasies, in his private as well as in his business life Brokers and speculators who are acquainted with him say that he is not lacking in generosity and good nature, whether from policy and self-interest, or from genuine kindly feeling. A story is told of him that once, when some of the "solid" men in one of the Chicago exchanges had made a combination to break a firm, "Old Hutch" learned of the plan. The head of the firm was not a particular gruffly: "You'll want money badly in a day or

two, and when you do come to me." The man thought that Hutchinson was forcing his peculiarities on him in an uncalled-for manner, and told him as much. He soon found himself, however, in a position which forced him to go to the old man. The syndicate met with something of a sur prise in their attempt to break the firm, and dropped" a large sum of money at their game before they discovered what the trouble was. Hutch inson's generosity netted him a handsome profit, of course

He takes a peculiar delight in getting hold of green" men and torturing them. He will insist upon the man's taking him and a party to the heatre and to suppers. The most expensive things are ordered lavishly by the tyrannical old man, unti a fearful bill has been run up. When the victim of "Old Hutch's" practical joke goes, trembling and fearful, to settle his score he finds that it has been paid by his tormentor. It is said, however, that ometimes the old man catches a Tartar who, knowing his way, not only gives the crowd full sway in their reckless extravagances, but enters into prodigality heartily himself.

He has a son of whom he is exceedingly proud, for the reason that he resembles himself in his odd characteristics. He calls him "Ike," but those in the exchanges call him "Young Hutch." Hutchinson is energetic and hard-working. He makes his "boys' is energetic and hard-working. He makes his "boys" do all kinds of work. One day, while visiting one of his pieces of property in Wabashawe, undergoing repairs, he saw some laths tying in the yard which he wanted taken into the house at once. He set "Young Hutch" to work wheeling them in with a wheelbarrow. Coming back a few minutes later, he found the boy loading the piles of laths on the wheelbarrow lengthwise.

wheelbarrow lengthwise. "You don't know as much as an oyster," he said in tones of disgust, and he dumped them off vigorously. "You can get on twice the load by laying

orously. "You can get on twice the load by laying them crosswise."

He loaded the wheelbarrow heavily and picking up the handles started for the door. The wheelbarrow would not go through. "Father," said "Young Huich," "you don't know as much as a shell." "That boy," said the old man, admiringly, turning a witness of the little scene, "is worth \$1,000

TIN-TYPES.

TAKEN IN NEW-YORK STREETS.

MR. MADDLEDOCK.

Copyright; 1888: By The New-York Tribune. Mr. Maddledock did not like to wait, and, least all, for dinner. Wobbles knew that, and when heard the soft gong of the clock in the lower hall beat seven times, and reflected that while four guests had been bidden to dinner only three had yet come, Wobbles was agitated. Mrs. Throcton, Mr. Maddle-dock's sister, and Miss Annie Throcton had arrived and were just coming down-stairs from the dressingroom. Mr. Linden was in the parlor with Miss Maddledock, both looking as if all they asked was to but look upon as ominous. Again, and for the fifth time in two minutes. Wobbles made a careful calcu he could not bring five persons to tally with six chairs. And in the meanwhile, Mr. Maddledock's step library grew sharper in its sound and quicker

There was nothing vulgar about Mr. Maddledock. His tall, erect figure, his gray eyes, his clearly cut, correct features, his low voice, his utter want of passion, and his quiet, resolute habit of bending everything and everybody as it suited him to bend them, told upon people differently. Some said he was hand-some and courtly, others insisted that he was sinister-looking and cruel. Which were right I shall not undertake to say. Whether it was a lion or a snake in him that fascinated, it is certainly true that he impressed every one who knew him. In some re-spects his influence was very singular. He seemed to throw out a strange, devitalizing force that acted as well upon inanimate as upon animate things. new buffet had not been in the dining-room six months before R looked as ancient as the Louis XIV. pier-glass in the upper hall. This subtle influence of Mr. Maddledock had wrought a curious effect upon the Maddledock had wrough a cultivation whole house. It oxydized the frescoes on the walls-it subdued the varied shades of colof that streamed in from the stained-glass windows. It gave a deeper richness to the velvet carpets and mellowed the lace curtains that hung from the parlor casements into a creamy tfnt.

Mr. Maddledock's figure was faultless. From head to heels he was adjusted with mathematical nicety. Every organ in his shapely body did its work silently, easily, accurately. Silver-gray hair covered his head, falling gracefully away from a parting in the middle It never seemed to grow long, and yet it never poked as if it had been cut. Mr. Maddledock's eyes were his most striking feature. Absolutely unaffected by either glare or shadow, neither dilating nor con-tracting, they remained ever clear, large, gray and cold. No mark or line in his face indicated care or any of the turdens that usually depress and trouble men. If such things were felt in his experience their force was spent long before they had contrived to mar his unruffled countenance. Though the house had tumbled before his eyes, by not a single vibration would his complacent voice have been intensified He never suffered his feelings to escape his control. Occasionally, to be sure, he might curl his lip, or ift his eyebrows, or depress the corners of his mouth. When deeply moved he might go so far as to diffuse a nipping frost around him, but no angry words ever fell from his lips.



"WELL, THAT'S THE BEST PLACE FOR HIM."

Five, seven, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes had passed ince the hall clock had sounded the hour, and Wobbles's temperature had risen to the degree which borders on apoplexy. What might have happened dreadful to conjecture had not Dinks, the housekeeper, come to his relief with the sagacious counsel that he wait no longer, but boldly inform Miss Emily that dinner was served. Wobbles was just on the point of acting upon this advice when the library call rang, and he hurried to respond.

"You said this note was left here by a tall man, didn't you, Wobbles!" said Mr. Maddledock

"Yezzur," said Wobbles. And he said he would call for an answer?"

"Yezzur, at seven be the clock, zur."

" But it's past seven, Wobbles!"

"Yezzur, most 'arf an howr, zur, most 'arf."
"That will do, Wobbles-and yet, stay. Did you

ask his name?" Yezzur, Hi did. zur, and 'e says, sezee, 'Chops, sezee, 'you need more salt,' sezee, 'go back to

"Well, that's curious," said Mr. Maddledock,

"E med be in cups, zur, but they be quiet uns." "Yes-well, if he calls during dinner, Wobbles, you may show him into the office and stay with him, Wobbles, until I come."

"Yezzur, hexackly, zur, I see, zur. Dinner te served, zur, but Mr. Torbert be not come. Shall I

"Yes, to be sure, How absurd of Torbert! Why, it's quite late. When I go into the parlor, which will be in another minute, Wobbles, you may announce dinner." .



'CHOPS,' SEZEE, 'YOU NEEDS MORE SALT! SEZEE, 'GO BACK TO THE GRIDIRON,' SEZEE."

Then he rubbed his eye-glass, stroked his nose reflectively, crumpled the note in his hand, and tossed it into the grate fire before him. He rose and stood they sat down to dinner, now glanced up, and said, in watching it burn. "Only two things are possible," an inquiring tone, "A peculiarity in his walk?" Then he walked into the parior.

"You're almost as bad as Mr. Torbert, Father," | wooden-legged or afficied with any hip trouble.

paid Miss Maddledock. "I've been waiting long

enough for you, and now we'll all go to dinner. "Torbert's late, is he?" said Mr. Maddledock, as if this were the first be had heard of it, bowing gravely

to the others. " How's that, Linden !" "I'm sure I can't account for it at all, sir, answered the young man. "We took breakfast to-gether, and at that hour he was in full possession of his faculties. His watch was doing its accustomed duty, and there was no sign of any such condition n or about him as would suggest the possibility of preposterous behavior like this."

Perhaps his business keeps him," said Miss Maddledock, amiably.

"Ho, ho," chuckled Mrs. Threcton, in her folly way

if he depended on that to keep him, he'd be ill kept "Why, mamma," said Miss Throcton, reprovingly

how can you?" "And why not, Nancy, my child? Bless me, he perfectly absurd to think of Torbert, all jewels and bangs, with a business. I'll leave it to Mr. Linden if

he ever earned a penny in his life." "But that is not the test of having a business, dear Mrs. Throcton," Linden replied. "I know some wonderfully busy men, whose earnings wouldn't keep a pug dog."
"Now, more than likely something's the matter

with his clothes," remarked plump Miss Nancy, in tones of deep sympathy. "I've often been late because couldn't get into mine."
"While we speculate the dinner cools," Maddledock, suggestively. "Father, will you give your arm to Mrs. Throcton! Mr. Linden, there stands

Miss Nancy. I will go alone and mourn for Mr.

Torbert." "Now, this is really too bad," said Linden, when they were seated at the table. "It is a form of social misconduct which goes right at the bottom of Torbert's character. When he comes I'il tell him the story of a friend of mine who never was late for dinner in his life and who consequently—"
"Died!" interrupted Mrs. Throcton. "I know he

did. Any man who never was late for dinner in his life must in the nature of things have had a short time to live."

"Come to think of it," said Linden, "he did die and I never suspected why before. He was the last man in the world whom I should have thought the dread angel would want."

"O, you never can tell," Mrs. Throcton cheerily "It's all luck, pure luck. This man died declared. because it isn't in fate for any man who is never late to dinner to live long, but still living is all luck. It the 'dread angel,' as you call him, happens to look your way and fancies you, why, off you go-plunk! like a frog in the pond."

Mrs. Throcton had scarcely concluded this genia doctrine before the belaied guest, all hows, smiles and graceful attitudes, was rendering homage to Miss "Sir " she said. "You will kindly observe that my

aspect is severe. You are indicted for-for-what is he indicted for, Mr. Linden?" Linden was a lawyer and he answered pro

"For violating section one of the Code of Prandial Procedure, which defines tardiness at dinner as a felony punishable by banishment from all social fes tivities at the house where offence is given for period of not less than two nor more than five years. You hear the-the-what are you, Mr. Linden, something horrid, ain't you?"

"He is, or his looks belie him," interjaculated Torbert.

"The prosecutor, your Honor," replied Linden, " prepared, with regard to this prisoner, to be as horrid "May it please the court," began Torbert, with

mock gravity, "I find myself the victim of an unfort-unate situation, and not a conscious and willing offender against the Prandial Code. Justice is all I More I have no need for. Less I am confident your Honor never falls to render."
"Now, Mr. Prosecutor, where's my judicial tempera-

nient gene that you compliment me upon so of on 1" demanded Miss Maddledock, turning sharply to the "I had it a moment ago, together with a frown, where have they gone !" "They will return directly I call your Honor's attention to the flagrant nature of the prisoner's

"True, you do well to remind me. Justice you called for, sir. Very well. Justice you shall have. Go on : Your Henor is most gracious. That part of the indictment which charges me with having an engagement to dine with your Honor at 7 p. m. is admitted.

I left my house in plenty of time, but—

Mrs. Throcton (sotto voce)—Does the prisoner live

crime," said Linden, "a crime so utterly atroclous-

Miss Nancy-Or in Hoboken ! The Court (with great dignity)-'f the prisoner is going to put his trust in the saving grace of the

elevated cars or the tardy ferry, the court would prefer not to delay its consumme listening to such trivial xcuses. The Court's soup is growing cold. A roar of laughter greeted this observation, and Mr. Linden remarked, "The prosecutor feels it his duty to suggest that the prisoner enter a plea of guilty, and throw himself at once upon the Court's

"The distinguished assistants to the prosecutor," said Linden, turning with an extravagant bow towards Mrs. Throcton and Miss Nancy, "think to throw contempt upon the defence by associating it with Harlem and Hoboken. Let them beware. Let them not tempt me to extremities. There are insults which

even my forbearing spirit will not meekly endure. Had they said Hackensack-The Court-Well, what then? "Then, your Honor, I should have objected, and had your Honor ruled against me I should have been reluctantly compelled to demand an exception! But let me come at once to my defence. My offence, if offence it is, was caused by the necessity which was

imposed upon me of unharnessing a man." "Of unharnessing a man, please your Honor! A man coming north and a horse going east endeavored my dear," said Mr. Maddledock, fixing his gray eyes to cross the street at a given point, at one and the upon his daughter in a way that always riveted hers same moment. It proved an impossibility and both

"Dreadful!" cried Miss Maddledock "It so impressed me, else I had not dared to risk your Honor's displeasure by pausing to unharness the

Mrs. Throcton, merry soul that she usually was, had grown quite serious when Torbert spoke of a collision and an accident. Her voice was earnest as she said, "Now, Mr. Torbert, stop your jesting right away and tell us what you mean."



HE WAS AN ODD-LOOKING FELLOW," SAID TOR-

"It was as I have said, and all done in a second," Torbert replied. "You never can tell just how a "Yes. They appear to be all here. Ten c thing like that is done, you know. The horse was | did he say? Well, here it is. Good night." a runaway. It must have come some distance for it had broken away from the vehicle to which it had been attached, and its torn harness was held upon it by only one or two feeble straps. The man was a tall, wonnies bowed himself away and Mr. Maddledock by not quite sober. He had been walking just ahead of me for several blocks. I can't say what it was then he mithed his create. queer-looking fellow, rather seedily dressed, and posstabout him that first attracted my attention. Possibly Mr. Maddledock, who had not spoken a word since

he said, quietly. "I must shoot him or pay him, and I don't feel entirely certain which I'd better do." and picking up his oyster fork, "and I am somewhat at a loss to describe it. I don't think he was lame, or

I recall the step now, it seems to me that it was short step, long and short, long and short."

"Um." said Mr. Maddledock. "Just as he approached the crossing where the reldent occurred he turned his head, and I don't think I ever saw a more Mephistoph-lean countenance The only thing that broke the dark angel shape of h face was his nose, and that, with slight alterations would have made an excellent shepherd's crook." Mr. Maddledock took up his wineglass and drained it at one single quaff.

repeated; "an odd nese, truly."

"He was an odd-looking fellow all over," Torbert continued, "odd and bad. I never was more dis-agreeably impressed with a human face in my life. Well, when we reached the corner we both heard the clatter of the horse's hoofs on the cobbles and look He was coming on at a fearful rate and people were shouting at him in a way that must have increased his frenzy. Quite a crowd had collected and this fellow and I were jostled forward upon the crossing. l shouted to the crowd not to push us, and pressed back with all my strength. He was just ahead of me. He had two means of escape—to hold back as I had done, or to dash forward. He hesitated, and that second's passe was fatal. The horse plunged forward, struck him squarely, knocked him heavily upon the stones, and left him there, covered with the remnants of its harness, which having become caught n his coat, somehow or another, was drawn off its

"Terrible!" cried Miss Maddledock, " was he hurt ?

Mr. Maddledock leaned forward and bent his ear to catch the answer. "I don't know how much, but certainly enough to

make his recovery a matter of doubt."

Mr. Maddledock slightly frowned. "A-matter doubt!" he repeated, pausing with singular emphasis

on each word. dread, too, for even if he gets well again, he must be maimed for life, and he was the sort of creature that ought not to have a deformity added to his

general ugliness." Emily Maddledock had been leaning her chir upon her hand with a thoughtful look in her face for everal minutes. As Torbert paused, she said, "Your description of that man brings a face to my mind that I saw recently somewhere. I can't seem to emember about it clearly though the face is very

"Indeed?" said Torbert. "Now, that's curious If you've ever seen the beggar you ought to re-member it. There's one other mark upon him that may serve to place him still more clearly before you. Directly over his left cheek bone there is a long

"Yes! yes!" cried Emily. "I remember. Why, Mr. Maddledock had been sipping his wine. Emily suddenly looked up and addressed him, twirled the glass carelessly between his thumb and

of the story that at all impressed him, "A mole, What a monstrosity! did you say ! Um, well, is it?" Torbert replied. "Can't say I'd thought of that."

Don's think of it!" sharply remarked Mrs. Throcton, as if annoyed at the interruption,



SQUARELY AND KNOCKED HIM HEAV-ILY UPON THE STONES.

"Several of us sprang forward from among the work trying to free him from the confining straps. How in the world they contrived to get around him and to tie him up as they did is We cut them loose, lifted him up and found him quite unconscious. Somebody thoughtfully rang for an ambulance. Before it came we carried him into a drug store close by and the druggist plied him with restoratives. I supposed he was dead but the drug man said he wasn't. He had shown no sign of life, however, when the ambulance arrived. took him off and I, having made myself somewhat more presentable than I was, called a carriage and am here." Then, turning to Miss Maddledock he smilingly continued, "I now move, please your Honor, for the dismissal of the indictment against me on the ground that the evidence does not show any offence to have been committed."

"I think you'll have to grant the motion, Emily, upon him and drew her mind after them to the complete exclusion of everything except what he intended to say. "Mr. Torbert's defence strikes me as all we could demand. You remarked a moment ago that his description suggested a face to your mind but you couldn't remember where you saw it."
"I know now," she said. "It was this very after-

"Exactly," said her father, interrupting rather adroitly than quickly. "It was while we were

standing together at the parlor window."

Emily's face flushed and had any one been looking at her intently he might have had his doubts whether or not that was the time. She did not answer, however, and before any one had begun the conversation anew, Wobbles entered with a card upon

his tray which he delivered to Mr. Maddledock. "Since your Honor is so indulgent," said Mr. Maddledock as he glanced at the scrawl upon the bit of cardboard and bowed to his daughter, "and with the approval of the prosecutor, I am constrained to ask the Court's consent to a further violation of the Prandial Code. I don't know whether the punishment for leaving the table before the dinner cluded is greater or less than for a tardy appearance,

but I fear I must risk it."

"I suggest, in view of this prisoner's previous good character," said Linden, "that your Honor sus-

Mr. Maddledock bowed himself out and walked directly to a little room just off the hall which he used as a private office. A timid young man was wait-

"Well, sir!" said Mr. Maddledock.

"I am an orderly, sir, if you please, at the liellevue Hospital. A man was brought there this evening, sir, pretty well done up by a runaway. After he'd been fixed a bit he asked me for his coat and when I fetched it he took out this bundle of papers and put them under his pillow. The doctors didn't bother him much, for they saw he was a goner, and when he asked if he could live they told him 'no.' He didn't say no more, but when we the limitation of the same has the same had a strong. The same had strong the same had a strong the same had a strong that the same had strong the same had a strong the same had a strong the same had a strong that the same had a strong the same had a strong the same had a strong that the same had a strong the same had a strong the same had a strong that the same had a strong the same had a strong that the same told him 'ne.' He didn't say no more, but when we was alone he asked me to take out the papers from under his pillow. I did it and he asked me if he died to fetch them here and give them to you in your own hands and sald you'd give me ten dollars for my trouble. So as soon as I was off duty I fetched 'em, and here they are, sir."

"Yes," said Mr. Maddledock, adjusting his eyeglasses and examining them slowly one by one.

" Good-night, sir." "And the man? Wait a bit. What became of

"O, he's dead, sir. The horse done him up. He's dead and in the Morgue by this time. Good-night." The orderly went out and Mr. Maddledock stood quietly with the bundle of papers in his hands until he heard the click of the vestibule door. Then he struck a match and fired them one by one watching each until it was entirely consumed.

"In the Morgue," he said, as the last pase flame

flickered and died away. "Well, that's the best place for him. There's no doubt in my mind, not the least, but that that amiable horse saved me from being the central figure in a murder trial. What an odd world it is, to be sure?

FASHIONS IN FUR.

LONG AND SHORT CLOAKS AND OTHER GAR MENTS.

The return of Russia sable to favor is now an ac cepted feature of the winter season. All short plucked furs have taken a second place as trimmings, being superseded by the long-fleece natural furs which were fashionable many years ago. There is so much demand for natural furs that even scalakin is presented in its natural color, a dingy tan, not as pretty as the plucked beaver which has been in use for several. seasons past. Long durable bear furs, Alaska saids or black marten, natural and black lynx, fox furs and opossum are all stylish for trimming and for the long box and muff, which are the first choice in fur sets. The most stylish garment of the hour is a short

jacket of sealskin, made quite plain, fitted to the figure as closely as the fur will allow, finished with a "ly sleeves and high standing collar. This garment ranges in length from 22 to 26 inches. It is sometimes made with a bell-sleeve, but the coat-sleeve is recommended as warmer and more stylish. English tailors, who import sealskin dt their wraps almost as clowly as if they were made of cloth. A variation of the straightfront jacket laps diagonally over the left shoulder and is finished with a turn-down collar over the standing collar. It is severely plain and is always made with out trimmings of any kind. Plain jackets made of the best quality of sealskin range in price from about \$120 to \$140, according to their length. Finished with a diagonal double-breasted front, the garment being 26 inches long, they are \$175. A third style of jacket, which shows a vest of sealskin or of Persian lamb, is quoted at \$140. Garments made of sealskin taken south of Alaska, at the Victoria or the Copper Islands, are worth about a third less, and the inferio sealskins taken on the Japanese and Chinese coasts are about half the price of Alaska seal. The best scalskin is still dyed in London, by processes which American fur-dyers have not yet been able to rival. Fairly good dyes are made in this country. Otter is dyed in America better than it is in London.

Sealskin sacks range in length from 40 to 44 inches. They are usually untrimmed, double-breasted in front, but fitted to the figure at the back; they are finished with a rolled shawl collar or a standing collar with a turned-down collar over it, with coat-sleeves and plain cuffs, or with the bell-sleeve. They are usually fas-tened with loops or bars of fur across the front. The best sealskin sacks range in price from \$200 to \$250, according to length. Long garments of sealskin, which completely cover

the wearer, are either trimmed with long natural furs like Russian sable, or the beautiful and perishable silver fox or the sea otter. The latter is one of the most expensive furs known to the trade, rivalling Russian sable in cost. It is the fur of the royal family of Japan, and the few speckness of it taken are from the Japanese seas. It is never plucked, but is dressed in its natural state, with the long, stiff hairs remaining, many of which are white. finger, remarking, as if this were the only feature and give the fur that peculiar rich effect which was imitated a few years ago by sewing white hairs in beaver and other close-napped furs. English women prefer a light fur, like silver fox, which will contrast with the dark brown of the scalskin on the long, luxurious coats which their tailors fit almost as closely as cloth. A heavy band of this fur entirely surrounds seal Newmarkets, passing around the neck and down the front in boa fashion, and meeting a wider band around the foot of the garment. American ladies, as a rule, prefer the severely plain ulsters, which are fitted to the figure with precision, and are fastened down the front with hooks concealed under the fly. The sleeve preferred is a plain coat-sleeve, with or without a cuff, the collar a rolling one, or a standing band with a turned-down collar over it. Furriers also make these Newmarkets with a bell sleeve or an angel sleeve, inside of which is a second sleeve, which fits snugly to the arm for warmth. Plain sealskin Newmarkets range in price from \$300 to \$500, according to length and style. Such garments, trimmed with sea otter, cost from \$700 to \$1,200; trimmed with Eussian sable, they are from \$500 to \$1,200 and upward. The picked skins of the Russian sable bring an almost fabulous price. Mink tails and sable tails are both used in trimming long garments of scalskin. Scalskin paletots, long enough to envelope the whole per-son, are made with square dolman sleeves, and are finished with or without trimming, according to the fancy. The range of price in these garments is about

A variety of visite shapes are shown in sealskin. The matinee wraps of last season, with pointed, loose fronts, reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt, and with short, fitted backs and dolman sleeves, are repeated. They are usually trimmed with Alaska sable or black lynx. The favorite variety of this wrap has the pointed front cut square at the tip, and finished with four Alaska sable tails. A new shape, which is a combination of jacket and visite, is closely to the figure, has coat-sleeves long, tab-fronts. Short dolmans are graduated, con siderably longer in front than in the back and are usually trimmed with Alaska sable, lynx, or

long, tab-fronts. Short doimans are graduated, considerably longer in front than in the back, and are usually trimmed with Alaska sable, lynx, or the more costly Russian sable. A stylish little visite, exceedingly short at the back where it is fitted closely to the figure, is made by English tailors who deal in fur. This wrap is trimmed with sliver fox, in boa style, around the throat and down either side of the front, and around the bell-sleeve. The prices of these mantles range from \$150 to \$173. Among less expensive scalishin wraps are little sling mantles, which are made severely plain, and require so fittle material that furriers sell them in the best quality at \$75.

More eccentricities in fur garments are shown this season than ever before. Seal garments are made up with trimmings and iniaid pieces of Persian lamb or of undyed seaiskin, or even of the mottled leouasd skin which has been unmarketable for many vease, but has just begun to find favor in this country, although it has long been popular in London, where it is used as trimming to cloth gowns.

In spite of the popularity of boas, and especially of trimmings in boa effects, shoulder capes nave lost nothing in popular favor. They appear in the large victoria shapes, in black lynx, black marter, the popular lank more properly and lank and lan

RECIPROCITY IN REVELATION.

RECIPEOCITY IN REVELATION.

From The Chicago Tribune.

They had just had their first quarrel. The violence of the storm had spect itself, but the calm that followed was ominous.

"Mr. Corkins," said the wife at last, with cold, biting sarcasm, "you have often complimented me on the beauty of my teeth. Take a lock at them, if you please. Here they are:"

And she took them out and placed them on the table.

"Madame," replied Mr. Corkins, without betraying any surprise, "you have frequently spoken of my glorious dark eyes. Here is one of them. Oblige me by looking at it, madame."

And he took out a glass eye and laid it beside the teeth.

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